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Such, according to the Court rhetorician, was the enthusiasm of the soldiers for their young leader. When, at length, Aries was reached, it was found that Maximian had fled to Marseilles and had shut himself up within that strongly fortified town. His power had crumbled away. The legions, which had sworn allegiance to him, withdrew it again as soon as they found that he had lied to them of Constantino's death; even the soldiers he had with him in Marseilles only waited for the appearance of Constantino before the walls to open the gates. The picture which Lactantius draws of Constantino reproaching Maximian for his ingratitude while the latter—from the summit of the wall—heaps curses on his head (*ingerebat maledicta de Mitrīs*), or the companion picture of the anonymous rhetorician, who shews us the scaling ladders falling short of the top of the battlements and the devoted soldiers climbing up on their comrades' backs, are vivid but unconvincing. What emerges from their doubtful narratives is that Marseilles was captured without a siege, and that Maximian fell into the hands of his justly angry son-in-law, who stripped him of his titles but vouchsafed to him his life.

Was Maximian in league with his son, Maxentius, in this usurpation? Had they made up their old quarrel in order to turn their united weapons against Constantino? There were those who thought so at the time, as Lactantius says, * the theory being that the old man only pretended violent enmity towards his son in order to cany out

*ZV *Mori. /Nnw.*, c. 43.